

みせ★ぱん

Mise-Pan!!

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Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novel - Mise pan

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Part 1

Mise☆pan[[edit](#)]

By Takabayashi Tomo

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Even though I didn't have an ulterior motive and I just said it to be kind, since I received a cold reply, I ended up not saying anything after that.

"Hey, don't look~ !"

You don't have to say it like that.



Sometimes I think that if I wouldn't have said anything at that time, that thing that happened afterwards wouldn't have happened. This time was the same. If I wouldn't commented on what Murata was talking about, no, rather, if we wouldn't have been together, no, no, I mean, if I wouldn't have looked at that woman's legs, I wouldn't be going through this miserable experience on the bridge.

On a Sunday, on the coldest day of the year, Murata and I were leaving the GAME SHOP when I was assaulted by the difference in temperature between the shop and the streets.

"It's too cold! In a second it changed from the North Pole to Africa!"

"Now listen Shibuya, Africa only has warm regions"

"Even so, does the store really need to used the heater so much?"

"Yeah, well, I guess that while you're inside their store, they want you to feel warm"

"But I'm not shopping naked!? They would shrink, my muscles would shrink^[1]!!!"

"I'm sorry, you know? For making you come with me."

I, who had no reason to be there, was at the GAME SHOP with Murata, because he said he wanted to check a new portable console.

In the end, he bought it. I really couldn't believe it. I mean, not only can this person before me still move around well and energetically, but he doesn't have any health problems at all, and even so there he was, a rich guy buying a new game.

"I don't know whether it'll easier for you to play this when you're older, but for the time being, you don't want to try it right? Ah! Since this is a second

generation and it's a DOUBLE^[2], should I have gotten the pink one? There are also lots of baseball games released for it."

"DOUBLE? you say. My older brother only has a single, maybe. He can't keep up with the money standards of the Murata household"

"Really? I have a feeling that he has added the limited model bundle edition to his collection without his family knowing about it. Your brother I mean"

That said, if he really has a collection of so many of these convenient devices, it guess it wouldn't be terrible if I borrowed one every now and then. I got a little greedy. A console is connected to the living room's TV, but because it was bad for his eyes he must have switched to the portable ones. There certainly was one in Shouri's room.

"We're talking about that thing, right? The thing you can write numbers and stuff with a pen in? And then you can manage your daily DATA?"

"Uh.. I don't know. If you want to keep the household budged or make a file with baseball records, it's best if you do that with a personal computer."

" I don't have one!"

" Then maybe you should get one? They're really cheap now, what do you want to do (/create) with it? Ah, but don't start imagining that you can use it to make stuff like an artisan. It's different than that, you can just combine things that have been made already ..."

It's not like I was imagining something like that. I'm not a childish middle schooler to be thinking about things like that.

I was simply looking forward blankly when I saw it. Before I could notice it, my eyes became fixed to the back of her knees. Furthermore, considering how cold I was feeling I got a little worried.

Her thighs must be really cold.

Why would someone want to show that much leg? As someone who wears his whole baseball uniform even during the summer, I can't understand. Walking around with bare legs like that in the middle of the cold wind is madness! Ah, her legs are turning red from the cold.

Who knows what my friend was thinking at the time, but he suddenly changed the topic from sports to something else.

"You can also play dating sims in this portable console, my recommendations are..."

"Dating sims? I don't want to play that, I don't have any free time for that. Why are you suddenly talking about dating sims?"

"Because I mean... look"

The eyes behind his lenses narrowed, giving him a know it all expression.

"You were thinking, that you can't see her panties, right?"

"Huh?"

"The legs of the high school girl that was on the escalator. Because we were behind her, and you were in a position that you could look up, you were trying to steal a peek, right? That's what you were thinking, right?"

"Whhaat!? I wasn't thinking that! I wouldn't think something so juvenile(/like a middle school student)! I was just thinking she looked cold...."

But Murata wasn't listening to what I was saying, he just shook his right hand before my face and said:

"It's fiiine, it's fiiiine. You don't need to pretend to be a good boy with me. Because I'm not your instructor who will start crying at any time, or a blatantly jealous fiancé, or a guard who will smile forgivingly. Even if you were thinking: "WAH~! That skirt is so short! I sure hope a wind blows so I can see her panties!" I wouldn't be shocked."

"I didn't think that! I was just surprised!"

"Right, the truth is that the wind won't just blow in the right moment when you need it. It is a very strange occurrence when you can see the green raccoon and what's under the skirt."

"What about the red fox^[3]?"

Putting the creatures of legend aside, it was awful that Murata was arbitrarily deciding what I was thinking. This was just a terrible misunderstanding. As a man

of sports I was simply worried about the risk of tearing a muscle caused by the cold and rigidity. Well, to be honest, I didn't really think so far ahead. I just thought she looked cold. However Murata looked at his freshly bought device and nodded with a smug look on his face.

"Guys our age get anxious and intrigued about women panties. It's not weird or anything. But since the real world doesn't give us opportunities to see them, I guess we'll have to make due with what the 2-D world can provide. That's why there's a market for such games. To get closer to girls, right?"

"Such games? Are you talking about games where you can see panties?"

"Oh! You're suddenly interested, huh?"

"I'm not! Looking at a girl's panties inside a screen won't make me happy in the least, not in the least~"

"Eh? If it was a 3-D panties then you'd be happy?"

"Wait. We've been saying 'panties', 'panties' in public all along. Can we call it something else? What's that trademark? The one for girls, uh... outside panties^[4]?"

Judging by how cold it is, one would think they'd be wearing two or three pairs of pants.

"Are you embarrassed? But 'pants'(zubon) are called 'panties' (pantsu), so even if we say panties, panties (pantsu - pantsu) in public it's not like we're going to get caught. You worry too much. Besides there's not a brand mark called "misepan" (showing panties)..... actually wait. I'm gonna check that"

Murata who had stopped to start typing into his phone, pulled the sleeve of my duffel coat when we were reaching the corner. Meanwhile his thumb was moving slightly operating on the screen.

"Uhm... "high-school girls", "panties" , "show" ah, hahan..."

"What?"

"I found "high school girls showing pants", "happy immoral young high school girls" or " high school girls showing panties to everyone". Would any of those be good? I didn't find high school panties. And I can't see a character or a BRAND

called..."

"What!?"

He showed me the snaps in his phone with a wry smile.

"They're all pictures from porn sites. There's no brand name. They all say stuff like " Nee, nee, look, look! These are my (male) my (female) NICE PANTIES. Heart."

Is that type of NAMING normal? Who is this boku (male 'my')? Is it a guy!? It's a guy, I guess males are panty-customers too. You shouldn't stuff yourself in something so tight. But there was a bigger problem.

"Are they showing their panties on purpose?"

"Well, I guess it's not like they're deliberately showing it, they're just being cute and saying " It's fine if you look".

"What do you mean "It's fine if you look"?... Isn't that weird? Then why are those old guys at the stairs of the train station looking~. Gross, that's the worst! I've always said so~"

"That depends on the person that's being watched. If a high school girl were to show her panties to a fresh (pichi pichi), young boy she likes; she wouldn't complain about it, right?"

"Oh, I see"

Even so, for a sixteen year old, what age would "young and fresh (pichi pichi)" be? Someone attending kindergarten?

"But if they're thinking " It's fine if you look" , there's no reason for them to wear a skirt to cover it, right?"

After casually saying these words, Murata overreacted.

"EHHH!? What are you talking about Shibuya-kun!? Are you saying girls should walk around with only panties on!?"

"I didn't saaay thaaaat~. I was just thinking that if the DESIGN is for people who think " It's fine if you look", shouldn't they just walk around flaunting it?"

"Aha, so you know about the DESIGNS, huh? Why do you know about that?"

"What? No, it's not like I know about that. I was just imagining.... ah! It wasn't a weird thought or anything like that! No one was wearing them, I just thought of panties that were left on top of the desk."

"Yada~ Shibuya-kun, that's rather obscene. And what pattern were you picturing? What kind of design did you imagine the misepan (person showing their panties) wearing?"

"I've said it already, no one was showing them. I can't imagine that."

"Is that so....? Then you should get someone to show them to you"

What is this clever friend saying? My voice didn't come out. Is he saying that I should ask high school girls to show me their panties? That if January would have been stronger, I could even pay? But even though I don't want to use such techniques, why would I have to cross such a dangerous bridge?

"Ask... them to show them to me? Why?"

"For future reference, of course"

"That's stupid! Why would I need to consult them for future reference? It's not like UNIFORMS will suddenly have short pants! At any rate, who would I ask to do that? If I had a girlfriend I could ask her, but you know? I don't have one, I don't have one. As you know, "my lover is the BAT and BALL"(*5), and they can't reply, so this situation will remain the same... for me"

"Yada~, Shibuya-kun, you're in a love triangle"

I have a feeling that after New Year's, Murata's smart ass replies have become quicker. I wonder if he has been studying the Comedy Shows of the end of the year.

"... Fine, then a MITT and a MASK is fine. At any rate!!! Even if you tell me to ask someone to show them to me, I don't have anyone to ask that to. In the past 16 years since I was born, I have seen good panties, in a way. Like when I watch tennis player play like wild beasts, or watching the students leaning over from behind in elementary school. And then there's Wakame-chan^[5]. And so, every misepan (person showing their panties) in this world, has never been useful to me. Even if they think "It's fine if you look", I won't look. If you ask me, I don't have a problem if every unrequited misepan would disappear from this world!"

"What are you getting all worked up for, Shibuya?"

After he finished listening to everything I said, he said " good grief" and patted me on the shoulder. Just as he said, what was I getting all worked up for? If I really think about it, it sounds as if I'd actually wanted to have a girl show me their panties. Although I really didn't mean it like that.

"No, uh.. so you see? I've never once in my life thought that I wanted to see them, and at any rate, since that is not connected to one's life in any way, for me, something like that is completely irrelevant. That..."

"Good grief, even if you raise your voice and protest so much, if you were to ask at least once, I think you could find someone who'd show them to you"

" That would be... WHAT!?"

Once again, Murata has hit me with an unexpected opinion of me. Even though I'm yelling that I don't want to do it, even if I protest and say that I'm an unpopular guy towards whom high school girls are cold, I have no idea how he can have that kind of opinion about me.

"A(sk)..."

But Murata's face filled with self confidence.

"You say that if I asked, there would be someone willing to show them to me~? No way there would. Besides, as I've already said, I don't want to see them"

"Are you being humble? Or do you really think there wouldn't be anyone? What I mean is, if you really believe in it, it will happen for sure. Shibuya, you're that type of guy aren't you? Listen, you have to be more confident about yourself. You say that you love baseball too much, and that you're unlucky with girls, that you have average looks, that you have an average intelligence, average height, an A type of personality. If you wait a little longer I'm not saying I don't think that you wouldn't be able to get a girlfriend, but to say that there absolutely isn't anyone out there is an exaggeration."

Even if I think three times about what he just said, I can't figure out whether he stated that I could get a girlfriend or not.

"Was that a praise...? Were you trying to depress me? Or were you trying to

comfort me? Which one?"

"Right, so that's why I'm telling you, if it's you, I'm sure you'll find someone to show you their panties. I bet you this LL^[6] that I just bought."

"You're betting it?"

"Yeah, I am. That's if you find someone today."

"Today!? Impossible, no way! That's absolutely impossible."

"Not if you start looking."

I looked back, as I would do when a good hit starts to slowly become a foul.

"I —told — you, it's impossible! Even if I told them about the Maya calendar that has predicted the destruction of Earth, it's not going to happen^[7]!"

Then my friend approached his smiling face and said:

"Even though you have so little confidence, do you really wanna bet? I'm betting you that you can make a high school girl show you her panties. You think it's impossible, right? If you see them, I win. If you don't, you win. And if I lose..."

He raised the paper bag he had just received at the store.

"I'll give you this"

"But you just bought it"

"That's not a problem, because I'm going to win. All right, this is what we'll do. You have 24 hours starting now. You have to strive and actively try to get a misepan (someone to show you their panties). You can pick whoever you want, there's no limits there, anyone's fine. A classmate, a passing school girl, even a married woman is fine."

A married woman wouldn't be wearing panties~.

"And so, you have to tell me tomorrow at 2PM what happened. Ah, at 2PM it would be a problem because you'd be in class.... Ah! Well during recess, just borrow someone's cell phone and call me. Whether you see them or not."

"When you say report, what do you mean? Do you need a photo as proof or what? Wait, that would be a crime."

"If you explain the situation, I'll trust your word. You're not the type of person to lie about something like this"

I'm a little disappointed that I'm so transparent. Once in a while I'd like to try a brilliant lie.

"However, you have to say it to her loud and clear. To the girl I mean"

I was getting a bad feeling that I was going to be pushed against a corner, so I asked cautiously:

"Say what, for example?"

"Say: Show me your panties!"

Of course...



Murata left at 2:30pm, and even though it's winter, the sun was still high up. The temperature itself shouldn't change, but the wind that was blowing before has stopped and it has gotten a little warmer. Did my dark colored jacket absorb some sunlight? When I got off the train, I didn't even shudder.

While I couldn't find the ticket at the station where I got off, I was thinking that there was no way that I wouldn't completely lose the bet. Thinking about it calmly, I realized that there was something off with the bet to begin with, and it wasn't the fact that betting about seeing panties is indecent, but that the way Murata and I bet on it was reversed.

"Me having to prove how unpopular I am myself, that's kinda weird...."

Because in this great big world, no one bets on having to prove that they will lose.

But the bet was decided by Murata, if a girl shows it to me, Murata wins, if I don't get anyone, it's my win. So in order to win, I have to prove that I'm unpopular in this life. It was somewhat of a pointless bet.

Which means that if I don't do anything and continue as I am, victory is in my hands.

There's no way I'll get an opportunity to see panties in 24 hours. To be lucky enough to meet a girl, to be lucky enough to hit it off with her, and then be lucky enough to ask her something like that, it's probably less likely than hitting LOTO 6.

Sorry, sorry! But in order to be able to report that I didn't see panties and win the unopened portable console, it's best if I just don't do anything.

I need to be careful of stairs and escalators, because some random wind could ruin this for me if I was standing at a lower level. It's best if I don't spend a lot of time in either of those places.

It was at this point that I remembered the additional conditions of the bet.

To actively ask for it out-loud.

I can say "Your zipper is open" with confidence and without any problem, but this is "Please show me your panties"; not even a popular artist would be able to say it without hesitation.

Wait, it's fine if it's not without hesitation. Or rather it would be best if I said it as if I wasn't used to it, I might even succeed by getting someone to feel sorry for me. Let me try and say it out-loud.

"Let me, see, your pa, pa, PA, PAnties, plea, se"

I can't do it!!! Don't I sound just like a pervert? It sounds suspicious no matter what.

"And if I'm successful and get to see them, doesn't that mean I lose!? Ah, ahh~ this is so confusing."

It sounds suspicious even just mumbling it to yourself while walking, without any girls around. My hair that was messy from the wind that had blown a while back, decided not to straighten up. According to the map I had received, there should be a practice ground about 500 meters from here.

I was signed up to a practice game by the captain of a team I had recently met. The game would take place the following week's Sunday, in the HOME GROUND

of the opposite team. But it seems that they're just RENTING the public practice field.

At any rate, in order to feel comfortable about where you're playing it's important to check the grounds first. And that's why I'm doing some reconnaissance work alone today, a week prior to the game.

Even though it's only a few stations away from my house, I had never seen that place.

I walked following the one way street that took me there from the station, in a winter day that had started to get warmer under the sunshine, after the wind had stopped.

The asphalt of that single road was old and gray, and on both sides you could see harvested rice fields. Farther away, there's a building that looks like a school, and even though it's the weekend, I can see kids playing in the schoolyard.

I kicked a ball that no one was pitching. When will baseball make its come back?

Even though the map wasn't properly drawn, it was pretty accurate.

After walking about 300 meters from the station, I saw a concrete bridge. The river that was flowing under it was wider than the street I was walking on. Almost as wide as a two-way street. There was a man on the bridge, leaning over the iron guardrail every now and then. He was looking at the river that was about 3 meters below. This caught my attention and made my eyes look down.

"Crap"

As I said that, my eyes involuntarily looked up at the sky. Crap, crap, I was about to lose the console right at the beginning, not even an hour after making the bet.

Clear and pure water was flowing, and that was fine, but, the problem was the person who was in the middle of it. For starters, it's weird that anyone would be in such a place. So it was unthinkable that a school girl would be standing in the middle of the water, in mid-winter!

".... Furthermore, those clothes are..."

And on top of that, she was bending over with her butt popping out.

"This can't be!"

The image of the previous man who was looking was reflected on the water as he left with indecent haste. I felt uneasy as I kept mumbling to myself while looking at the sky.

It can't be helped now can it? I lowered my eyes and saw a high school girl in a skirt. If she would have bent a little bit lower, or a wind would have blown, I would have lost the bet in a second.

That's right. Even without asking for it, I might end up seeing panties.

What on earth is a high school girl doing in the middle of a river in this season anyway? Even though I said that it was a sunny afternoon, it's the coldest season of the year. And I can't tell for sure but the water is more or less at the level of her knees. No one other than monks who take their job too seriously, would be taking a foot-bath in a river during the winter. In other words no one would be in the middle of the river during the season when "playing with water has ended".

Is she fishing? She's looking for something.

Since I don't think she'd be gathering clams in a suburban river while wearing a school uniform, the only possible answer is that she's looking for something. What is she looking for? But take off your shoes and socks! Only the sound of the water rushing could be heard. I narrow my eyes and looked at her. But I'm not in any danger, the angle at which I could see her butt hadn't changed. As a safety measure I returned my eyes to the road. I should leave this place quickly. If I accidentally see a misepan (shortened like this from here on), I'd lose the bet in less than an hour.

But there's something worrying me and I can't stop looking at her. It bothers me for about twenty seconds. In the end, and even though I didn't mean to, I shout from over the bridge.

"Uhhh"

It seems she didn't hear me and kept on exploring the bottom of the lake. So I raised my voice a little, and she suddenly turned back. Uwah, please don't turn around so quickly, it will shake your skirt too much.

"Uhmhhh"

"Huh? What ?"

It seems she's in a bad mood. Well, of course you're going to be in a bad mood if you're swimming ... no I mean, working in the river in the middle of the winter.

The short skirt she's wearing is part of the uniform of a famous school 'S school for girls'.

In this area there are two schools for girls, they're called 'S school for girls' and 'M school for girls' respectively. There's no particular meaning behind the letters, it's just the initials of the name of the schools. If I had to choose I'd pick an M girl, they have recently made their uniform longer and even if they were to fall at the train station stairs, you wouldn't get in a pinch or see anything.

But the person I met was an S high school girl, where they have a more loose clothes code. She was wearing something of the likes to a mini skirt. The girl was standing straight, with her hips stretched and she had only turned around her neck. I closed my eyes and prayed that the wind wouldn't blow.

"Your panties are about to show"

The S girl opened her confused eyes, stared at me angrily and barked her answer:

"Hey, don't look~ !"

I'm not looking! I was just letting you know out of kindness, so you don't have to say it like that. It's not like I was expecting a girly REACTION of surprise, embarrassment or gratitude. But I didn't expect that reaction either. Her voice, posture and face all displayed anger.

"You don't need to get angry okay? I thought they were about to show, so I let you know that"

"I'm not angry!"

"Then stop staring angrily. At any rate, what are you looking for in the cold water?"

"That has nothing to do with you"

That's all she said before returning to her task and once again her hips were popping out at a risky angle. And it was only then that I understood. High school girls really don't care if you see their panties. In an emergency, it seems they don't care if you see their underwear or not. She didn't show any signs of trying to cover herself with one hand, or lower the hem of the skirt, or trying not to pop her butt out noticeably. Even if the person standing here would be an old guy, she would continue her task without caring.

What could she possibly be looking for so desperately?

Something that one would be troubled if it fell in the river.... a BAT that could get ruined with water or a leather MITT.... Since she's a woman maybe it's her purse or student card. Ah, or it could be that.

"Could it be, your cell phone?"

"Wrong"

This time the S girl replied without turning around. She doesn't seem to care whether she ignores me or not. Most high school students cherish their cell phones with their lives, so if something like that were to fall in the river, they would frantically try to look for it even in mid winter. Even though I thought so, my guess was apparently incorrect. But I didn't feel like asking any other questions, and I couldn't leave the place either, so I just waited on the bridge for a while. I didn't look at my watch but maybe 5 minutes went by. Then I twisted my neck and shoulders as WARM UP, and jumped over the GUARDRAIL of the bridge.

"What are you doing!?"

I got closer to the shore, leaving my coat and shoes on the grass next to the river. When she noticed my bare feet she quickly made a frightened face, her eyebrows joining in an exaggerated manner.

"No way! Are you entering the river? Stop that, you'll be a hindrance!"

"The one who's a hindrance here is you. I can't walk past someone who in mid-winter is in the middle of the river looking for something. Only a heartless person could do that, okay!? If I do that, my mom will look at me with the white of her eyes when I get home, get it!?"

"I don't know your mother"

"Well, I won't be a hindrance to you! But if you don't want my help no matter what, then at least call the police or something. If it was me, I'd call the fire department and then they could check the riverbed. But if you're only looking for something unimportant that you dropped then calling the fire department would be wrong. However you are going to get a bunch of people looking at you. Other might look, but I won't . I won't look at your panties "

"What do panties have to do with this?"

"For me it is has a lot to do with them"

For some reason, at this point she started lowering the hem of her skirt. Took you a while, you should have done it sooner. But the police wasn't around so it's fine.

"If it bothers you, I can just help you in silence. What on earth are you looking for?"

Is she threatening me with her angry look? Or is she tired of me meddling? Finally she replied in low voice, short and simple words.

"A ring"

"A ring?"

Once she said it, it seems like she didn't feel like hiding it anymore. She continued talking with a desperate tone afterwards.

"I got it from my boyfriend. Well, now he's my ex-boyfriend. We were pretty lovey-dovey but it turned sour and I ended it. I got it for Christmas last year, what should I do? It's a silver ring, that doesn't cost more than 10,000 yen. But Valentine's Day is coming up and I wanted a new boyfriend, and I thought that if I kept my ex boyfriend's present I'd continue to feel lonely. So it was best if I got rid of it, so I took it with me for a walk"

"And you dropped it"

Her head shook slowly. Her black hair mixed with brown stroke her blazer.

"I tossed it"

"Eh? Into the river?"

"That's right"

"Really!? What a waste!"

What a waste S high school girl. Maathai-san^[8] must be grieving. Because after all it's made of SILVER, right? Besides 10,000 yens is a lot of money for a high school student. Maybe her ex boyfriend wanted some SPIKES and he had endured not getting them and worked hard in his part-time job for it?

"But you gave up the idea of getting rid of it"

"That's ... right. Well even though I threw it away, although that doesn't matter now, it's a bit of a waste.... I mean..."

"Yeah, indeed it's a waste. All right, let's look for it"

With the hem of my jeans rolled up, I approached the river. The cold air started blowing and I got cold quickly. I took in a deep breath to prepare for the upcoming coldness.

"Wait, just wait a second"

The high school girl approached splashing water. She looked as panicked as before.

"What now? Since silver is heavy it probably sunk and hasn't moved much. If I help you look we'll find it for sure. The efficiency of two people is twice that of one."

"Wait, why are you doing this? Why are you helping me?"

"Why you ask... Well it's my families motto that if you don't help someone when they're in trouble, you'll be ignored when you're in trouble"

I've been convinced of this since I was a kid, but when you hear it out-loud it sounds like a threat. Usually parents would say "Let's be nice and help people who are in trouble!" but to inculcate retributive justice to young children, sounds like something they would do in a home that follows the Code of Hammurabi^[9].

The problem is, that if it's not taught correctly, and it comes in through one

ear and comes out of the other, it's not so bad. And I got completely convinced by it, ending up in the current situation.

"In other words, that one should feel empathy for others?"

"Ah, that's right. You're smart, S girl"

Besides, there was one good thing about looking in the river together. Unlike when I was watching from the bridge, the possibilities of being defeated inadvertently were lowered when we were at the same level. In other words, the possibilities of losing the weird game that Murata suggested in under an hour had gone down.

I'm not losing the bet and I'm not being cold-hearted, it's like killing two birds with one stone.

"All right! I'm fired up! Let's look for it!"

With my clothes rolled up more than it was needed, I entered the river, my bare feet touched the water.

"UuuuUh! It's co~ld! At any rate, S girl..."

"What is it?"

"Why are you in uniform on a Sunday?"

The high school looking for the ring laughed a little.

"Because I've been told it suits me"

I tried to repress the words "That's what it is" but I might have involuntarily said it. So she could smile. This girl still likes her ex boyfriend, she does. She may say that she dumped him, but her feelings say otherwise. Far from that, she hasn't gotten over him, not at all, she doesn't want to part from him.

Even though I've gained practice judging people as a BATTER, when it comes to feelings of love I'm just an amateur. I smiled softly to myself.

Uwah, what's this feeling of weakness?

Say Murata, you said a classmate, a passing high school girl or a married woman,

but, what category does someone else's girlfriend fall into?

(To be continued...)

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3. [↑](#) Reference to this CM, anime girls in panties
<http://www.nicozon.net/watch/sm5942135>
4. [↑](#) Panties or underwear are called "PANTSU" in Japanese. In Japanese, the word for pants is zubon. Yuuri says "outside panties", but he's thinking of the word "pants" in English. (*5) He could have said baseball but okay... gay.
5. [↑](#) This character,
http://art39.photozou.jp/pub/194/998194/photo/62670657_624.jpg
6. [↑](#) Nintendo DS LL
7. [↑](#) The Mayan calendar predicted the destruction of earth in 2012. This story was written in 2010/11.
8. [↑](#) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wangari_Maathai
9. [↑](#) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Code_of_Hammurabi

Part 2

Mise☆pan 2[[edit](#)]

(Mise☆pantsu!!!)

By Takabayashi Tomo

Released in: March 19, 2011 (after a 1 year delay, it was supposed to be released in March 2010). It was included with the FINAL DVD BOX of Season 3, that contained episodes 100-117.



I looked for it everywhere.

Without thinking I would ever get it back.



"What are you looking for?"

Wolfram asked with an intrigued look on his face while holding something that resembled a FAST FOOD DRINK in his hand. He was even using a straw. Since today is a little hot, he must have been drinking something cold. Having said that, this is the hallway. It's unusual that someone as well behaved as he is, would be drinking something while walking.

"Something very important. And you, what are you drinking?"

"I finished it already"

He shook it to show it was empty.

"You know, I'm used to all this, but what's up with you and Greta just steadily becoming more and more Earth-ized?"

How should I put this? If I want a prince to behave like a prince, is it okay to push these commoners ways on him? That question is something we'll have to discuss little by little. For now, I'm looking for something.

"By the way, it seems that Greta has finished reading that book that was due tomorrow. Do you think it'll be sunny tomorrow?"

"What's with the different question so suddenly?"

While Wolfram was frowning due to the forced change in topic, he cordially replied that it was probably going to be sunny.

This is bad.

"What should I do? I promised to her that we'd carry a packed lunch to the zoo if it was sunny. As a reward for finish reading that book of etiquette, I said we'd go out. Ah! What should I do!?"

"Isn't that a nice plan? Without me. What's troubling you?"

The smooth cheek twitched involuntarily as the former crowned prince

crushed the cup in his hands. I might have hurt him by not inviting him to come along.

But then, this is also your fault. How many times have you complained again and again to me that you're really busy with the king's frequent absences? Because of that even Greta refrained from inviting you.

"Don't you think it'll be nice if you two have fun together?"

If you say it like that, with that cute sulky face, I'll get troubled.

"... No, you're wrong. That's not the problem. The problem is the pendant. Necklace? Uh... choker? It's a thin silver necklace with a green stone. Have you seen it anywhere? I've been looking for it for a while."

Greta made it herself in an handmade accessory course, at the Poison Lady Workshop (there's even such a place?) and gave it to me.

The Poison Lady Workshop is not a dangerous place. They purify the poisons to get by-products, and the crops that are harvested in the botanic garden, although against my will, are all regulated and safe and it seems that in classrooms they are used to make handmade items and sweets.

If you don't mind the slogan "Let's work with our hands like during the Kamakura Shogunate" that's on the wall, it's a center where both children and grown ups can have fun making things.

There, she made this ACCESSORY. She took it out of a small box and while saying " You know? We'll have matching ones", she went behind the chair, where I was sitting , and fastened it around my neck.

"Why are you looking for that?"

"Because I lost it"

"You lost it?"

It was a legitimate question.

Receiving a present even though it wasn't Christmas, my birthday, the beginning of the year, or the middle of the year^[1], must mean without a doubt that I'm loved as a father. And even though I was ecstatic about it..... I lost it.

How could this have happened? The accessory that my daughter had made for me, which was on top of the fireplace in the living room that's illuminated by sunlight, had disappeared.

"How could you do this, Yuuri? That's a terrible sin."

"I know, I'm depressed and remorseful. That's why I'm trying so hard to find it"

Moreover, the TIME LIMIT to find it is tomorrow, until Greta and I go to the zoo in the morning.

And this is because of something that my friend Murata said to me in the past.

"When you receive something from a woman, you have to make sure you wear it in front of her when you meet her"

And without replying to my questions of " What? Why?", my friend continued.

"Especially if they're clothes or a hand-knitted scarf. When you meet her, wearing it as if you always wear it, will get you lots of POINTS"

"What? Is love a POINT system?"

"It's not like that but you see, doesn't it make you happy to know that for the past 2 million years, people have been wearing matching items?"

I want to believe that Murata is making it all up, but if I think about it, he has had more experience in the battlefield with women.

However his credibility is slightly higher than Shouri's, the candidate for Governor, whose every love experience is based on non-existent high school girl companions (in other words, dating sims) which he plays day and night.

"But these days, you really don't see COUPLES wearing matching items, nee? In fact I have a feeling that I haven't heard the phrase 'PAIR LOOK' in these past five years. It's an obsolete word."

"Yadaa, Shibuya, it'll be popular again from here on. It happened with Curtius, with Stalin, and Gagarin^[2]. I've told you, fashions and history repeat themselves."

"Gagarin is the guy who said the Earth is blue, right?"

Be as it may, and while feeling dejected imagining neanderthals with a PAIR

LOOK, when I imagined a TEAM ▪ NEANDERTHAL I got a little excited while thinking that from time immemorial, uniforms have been an essential item for the victory of camaraderie and effort.

Well, even I ordered the old-style Seibu Lions gloves, mask and leg pads, in order to have items with matching DESIGN as the professional player that I admire. Although the feelings of a baseball brat and the heart of a woman are not the same thing, it doesn't mean that Murata's theory is completely wrong.

"And this is even more important because it's the relationship between a father and his daughter!!!"

"Don't shout all of a sudden, you startled me."

Wolfram who had crushed his cup, shifted his body away from me, in order to dodge me. Be careful, be careful! I was about to head-bang you.

"Sorry, I was just shocked thinking about something Murata said regarding matching items once"

It's obvious that the presents exchanged between a man and a woman who are dating, and the heartwarming presents exchanged between father and daughter have completely different meanings. Even I know something like that. But I felt like I was losing the POINTS I had earned with effort. I don't want to be removed from Greta's candidate for husband list.

"Right, I have to look for it, I have to look for it. And tomorrow I have to wear it to the trip no matter what. It's not a time to question whether or not people wear matching items these days."

"Oh my! Is his majesty going to ask for a matching one, too?"

"Huh?"

I jumped a little after hearing the happy and sexy voice, when Cherie-sama appeared turning the corner. Her blonde hair was glowing as the sunlight bounced off it. She's looking extravagant as usual.

Lady von Spitzberg Cäcilie, the mother of the three brothers, raised her right hand holding a tray next to her face. On it there were several cups like the one Wolfram was holding before. Ah! Her son was walking while drinking this.

The problem weren't the type of drinks she was bringing with her, but the beautiful and seductive clothes the lady who had raised three sons (in other words, someone of a certain age) was wearing.

"Ch, Cherie-sama, those clothes are..."

"Isn't it beautiful? It's the uniform of a new business I'm starting"

With the looks that would make a crying child silent, the beautiful Cäcilie-sama was wearing something that rather than a maid outfit looked more like the uniform of a certain family restaurant that was popular a while back^[3].

Two arms, showing. Cleavage, showing. Thighs, showing. Her back, half showing. Bonito, soup^[4]. And on top of that, she was wearing rabbit ears on her head.

"I-it is... beautiful."

I really wasn't given any other boxes I could check in order to reply differently.

"Right? And it's even more beautiful when I'm wearing it. So I'm sure that it will look really good on Wolfram who looks just like me"

"Well, yeah, maybe, it would beautiful."

Once again I wasn't given any other boxes to check and reply differently.

Cherie-sama smiled shaking her golden curls. No one would ever believe that someone possessing that kind of beauty could be Gwendal's mother.

"Well, your majesty, I was sure you'd agree with me. That's why I'm going to dress up my son in this really pretty uniform. I was thinking that I could ask him to work at the store as a Customer Luring Prince."

I've heard of several princes, the Handkerchief Prince^[5], the Shy prince^[6], Double Serving Prince^[7], but this is a Customer Luring Prince who's good for business.

I honestly bow before the people of the upper-class in Shin Makoku and their dedication to commerce. It's not good to have prejudices about people, but I had this mental image of aristocrats living in castles, taxing the people under their domain exorbitant annual tributes, living lavish lives.

But when it comes to royalty in this country, they really are very successful; with side businesses over here, and support groups over there. Even the former queen Cherie-sama, started heading in the direction of the Kano sisters^[8] and has opened her eyes to work nowadays. Designing jewelry, giving advises about love, starting suspicious.... no I mean! GORGEOUS side businesses.

However the fields she had been interested in until now were very different from the food business she was talking about. On top of that bunny ears, ultra-mini-skirts, and breasts were great ideas.

But wait, I don't know how I feel about the mini-skirt of a mature woman. Or rather, my brain rejects simply imagining a mother in a racy waitress outfit. The former Queen Lady von Spitzberg Cäcilie wearing a costume-like frilly apron dress, let her long beautiful legs show without any regards. This is bad, you can almost see her panties, you can almost see them.

"Say, isn't it cute? If the salesperson of the shop were to wear this, there's no way it wouldn't be successful, right? Eventually it wouldn't just be in Shin Makoku, but it could expand across the continent. I feel like it doesn't have enough sparkles, but it's more important that they remember the name of the shop. It will simply be called" Cherie's Love Love Drinking Spot".

"It sort of sounds like a DRINK BAR that had the word LOVE added to it...."

"Wait a second, Mother! I don't like it"

Although it had made a good impression on me, Wolfram didn't think the same. His big eyes got even bigger. Putting being appointed the Customer Luring Prince to a side, I guess he indeed dislikes the super-mini uniform.

"I have no intentions of wearing those bunny ears"

The bunny part!?

"Oh, come on Wolfram! Even though you loved bunny-chans when you were little! Although you said you hated kitty-chans because they monopolized your older brother's attention"

"Although I don't remember saying that, rabbits are the small animals that Yuuri dislikes. Especially that one called evil Jabbito^[9], he said he hates them as much as a nightmare. I can't possibly wear that in front of him! I think it's

absolutely improper behavior to have before the king."

"What? Was that a remark out of loyalty towards me!?"

For him to have taken it so seriously, makes me want to apologize. I mean, I just hate the MASCOT of my old enemy team, I don't hate all rabbits. I think that usually, no one would hate something like that....

"But you know, I don't think that his majesty hates all the rabbits in the world. And if that is the case, then we need to use your power to cure his majesty from his bunny-hate, Honey-chan."

"That's right, you don't have to worry about me, Honey-chan~"

After saying that, he made a really displeased face, and said coldly:

"You, who, are, younger, than, me, don't, have, the, right, to, call, me, Honey^[10]"

It had been a long time since he had hurt me with the fact that I'm younger than him.

However the GORGEOUS mother, Cherie-sama, disregarded his son moodiness and just banged the tray with her finger.

"Then, I have a good idea. What if both of you wear them?"

"W-why are you saying that!?"

"Because certainly you would look cute... no, actually, I thought that the most effective way to cure his majesty bunny-hate, would be to make him put on a bunny suit....no, actually I just wanted to see cute things~"

"You're being too sincere with yourself, mother. See? Even Yuuri wouldn't like to do something like this."

The Third Son rebuked in a normal tone next to a shocked me. As expected the son that she raised for almost 80 years, he was used to this mature lady who was true to her own desires.

"Your majesty, so you really do hate rabbit-chans? Then if you were to ask Gwendal he would lent you any, a kitty-chans, or bear-chans ones"

The outstanding older son that I trust quite a bit, seems to be like one of those

wig collectors. I don't know whether he'd be dissatisfied with being treated as one, but his younger brother let out a sigh before beginning to explain the reasons for the refusal of the uniform.

"I really, reeally want to help mother's new business, but there is a matter that needs to be resolved as soon as possible."

"Oo~h? Wha~t is it? Wait, let me guess. Since it's something you think about, it must have to do with his majesty, right?"

Forecasting as a parent would, what was in their child's heart, Cherie-sama broke her rose-crimson lips into a smile.

Even in such a horrific erotic WAITRESS COSTUME, a mother is always a mother. But I quickly retracted my admiration for the beautiful MAMA. Because after being explained the reasons why I was looking for the NECKLACE, Cherie-sama came up with a solution that an unpopular guy could never imagine.

"Well, that's easy then"

"Then I'm saved! Because I can't find this item anywhere. As an ACCESSORY PROFESSIONAL, please tell me what to do."

"No, it's fine if you don't find it"

Maybe she came up with a bright idea that only a woman could come up with, because her face brightened up. Her eyes shone as much as the jewelry that she was wearing.

"It's fine if you don't find the necklace you're currently looking for. You just need to give Greta a more beautiful, luxurious piece of jewelry. Of course you have to have a matching one. Oh, isn't that beautiful? Because his majesty, as a man, as father would be happy to see his daughter all dressed up and cute, right?"

As expected from a huntress of love, as expected from professional of beauty and charisma, and as expected from a former queen.

Hearing the "If there's no bread let them eat cake, and you don't have to worry about the calories either" words that would outrage my mother, I realized this was a completely different type of celebrity level.

"While being little girls they find making things fun, but Greta will soon be of the age when she'd want to wear real jewelry. Ne, let's do that your majesty. I will gladly help you choose the gem. Ah, I'm looking forward to it. A deep green would certainly bring up that girl's reddish-brown hair"

"..... But I feel like something's off here...."

I bit my lips fearfully. I'm sorry to discourage Cherie-sama who was already in a SHOPPING MODE, but I think that growing up and wanting real jewelry and having matching accessories with your family, are two completely different things.

"No, well you see, I'd like to buy such an awesome, real gem, but, I wonder when I'll be able to do that. With my earnings. Any matching set would be fine. I would be a little embarrassing, if by then Greta wouldn't have already entered her rebellious age. But I think that that, and what we're talking about now are two completely different things. Because this is something that a child, that my daughter, made with her hands, and as a care-taker and a father, it makes me smile. I think that if one loses such an important thing, they have to look for it desperately. There isn't a replacement for something like that."

"Is that so?"

Cherie-sama's graceful eyebrows lowered looking more sad, than sorry. As for me, I felt like I needed to apologize. But as soon as I heard the words she uttered next, I realized that it wasn't just the matter that we were discussing which made her frown.

"Wolfram"

"Yes?"

The melancholic tone she used to call his name, surprised the Third Son somewhat. She sounded like someone completely different from the lively mature woman from before.

"The handmade soap that you made for me as a child, I, I went ahead and made it disappear completely. I'm sorry. I didn't think I would be hurting you."

".... Ah, well I don't mind that you don't have it anymore. It's a consumable good after all"

"But I used up all of that cute piglet-shaped soap to wash my precious skin without holding back. How cruel of a mother was I to you?"

"As I said before, soap is a consumable good, so don't worry about it. Besides I didn't make a pig"

"Did you mean kitty?" was the first line that pop up in my head web-search. Because Wolfram paintings are indeed abstract. So maybe he possesses the same type of genes as Gwendal.

"It was supposed to be a soap shaped like mother"

"Eh? What did you say? That piglet was supposed to be me?"

I've had first-hand experiences with this type of moment when the air freezes.

The pursuer of beauty, Lady von Spitzberg ▪ Huntress of Love ▪ Goddess Cäcilie ▪ couldn't let that remark pass by. If one does not know that in Wolfram's unique art style a person equals a pottery raccoon; it would be difficult to understand how a pig equals a goddess. No, even if one knew that, they'd still be shocked.

"That was little bad, Wolf, no actually, that was very bad."

I pulled Wolfram by the hand, and trotted away from that place. Had Cherie-sama lost her words? I can't tell if she's really outraged or not. But unfortunately, this is how parent-child relationships get twisted.

However, he seemed to want to oppose what happened. As her son, he was unsatisfied.

"What happened? Weren't you going to ask mother about the likely location were the necklace might have fallen?"

"Yeah, I wanted to, but I couldn't stand having a parent-child fight next to me."

I touched the stone wall with the palm of my hand, and put my forehead against it. I wanted to let out a big sigh.

"Well, even if I can't hear the opinion of a master-jeweler, for the time being having you help me has increased the chances of a good outcome."

Let's try to calm down and think this through. Let's reproduce in my head the

necklace that Greta gave me and what I did with it.

It was a choker type and barely fit, so it was difficult to unfasten. That's why I had to ask Greta to unfasten it for me. Then came the question as to where to put it. Since it wasn't as big and bold as other ornaments, it was out of question to put it in the treasure vault. But that doesn't mean that I'm going to put it in the drawer, and let it get stained by ink.

So I decided to put it inside a stone pot that I had at hand, which I could see at all times, upside down. I made sure that the shelf on top of the fireplace wasn't hot and put it there.

"Yeah, indeed I left it there. I left it like in a store DISPLAY, on top of the fireplace."

"But, it's not there now"

"As you said"

"It can't be helped"

With those short words, Wolfram suddenly started undoing one of his buttons. Me who didn't understand the reasons why he had started doing this, took about 5 seconds to react.

"EH!? Wait!"

As I was trying to stop him, his fingers were already in the second button. I couldn't let his chest be exposed in such a public place, so unceremoniously. After all the second button plays an important part in graduation ceremonies.

"Wait a minute Wolf!? You can't undress in a place like this! I mean, you're a man, so your chest can be seen, but it's so white, that, okay, yeah, you can't undress in the hall! Although, I mean, getting sunburned is not the problem "

I have no idea why I was getting so upset. No, I mean, the words that I wanted to say were, even if you're a man, you can't expose your skin so recklessly, because any passer-by could come and see you in a place like this and be troubled by what they see. Because, I mean, look! In this castle there are even young girls.

"Don't panic, I won't undress"

"Wah~ that's all...? Oh, really? Or rather, right, yeah, of course."

Disregarding my agitation, Wolfram thrust his fingers inside his open shirt.

"I'll lend it to you. But it's only for tomorrow right?"

"What? This is..."

He casually pulled out a thin silver chain. At the front, a green stone, of a color similar to eyes I had seen somewhere before.

"It's obviously a matching one"

Right, the one that I got from my daughter was obviously a matching piece with hers.

"Why? Why do you also have one?"

"Because she also gave one to me"

He made a boasting, composed, cool face.

"W~h~y!?"

"Well, what do you think? That I asked Greta for it? For Greta, you're not her only parent. So it's natural for me to get one, too."

The reason why he wasn't angry, was because Wolfram knew about this all along. He must have known from the moment he received it, that he wasn't the only one who had received a matching item.

Which means, that the only one who was flying over the clouds with happiness was me. Of course, I still am. Any father would be ecstatic to receive a present from their daughter. But there's also a difference in the rarity of an object that there are only two in the entire world and one that has 3 SERIAL NUMBERS.

I was feeling a little low.

"Eh... you should have told me this from the beginning. It would also had been less of a shock."

"I thought you'd be happier if you didn't know."

"I appreciate your concern~. But I can't borrow yours"

I held the silver chain with all my fingers, and pushed it back against his chest.

"Why? It's only until you find yours. It's much better than seeing Greta disappointed."

"Thank you for the offer, but yeah, I'll have to find mine somehow. It's something really important for you, right? I can't just borrow it so easily."

"Then, if you were in my place, what would you do?"

With my hand in the same place, he asked this one more time. His eyebrows slightly raised.

"If I was in trouble, and I was missing something important. And you had one that was exactly the same"

"I'd lend it to you, of course"

I thought about this, literally with my hands on his chest. In fact, with my hand, that was pressed against his chest, I could feel that the speed of my partner's and my heartbeat was the same. Anyone would get blood rushing to their brains when they're seriously thinking about something. When I could calm down a little, I let out a small sigh.

"Or rather, when it comes to things that I can give you, I would give you anything, Wolf. But this is different. Because it's a handmade item. I'm sure that the shape of the stone is slightly different."

"Ah, yeah... if you were looking at the details, I guess you're right"

"Besides, the SIZE seems to be different. Isn't yours shorter? I'll only accept your kind intentions .

Because my necklace was a little tight, Wolfram, who has a thinner neck than mine, must have received one with an even shorter chain. It will certainly not stretch like my dad's formal wear; if I were to borrow it, it wouldn't fit.

"It's a choker, right? Those things that fit to your neck perfectly. My necklace barely fit to my neck, so if I were to wear that one, I wouldn't be able to breathe. Even if I borrowed it, it wouldn't fit"

"Hn? But mine isn't tight like yours."

He removed his fingers from my hand, and went back to trying to put the necklace on his neck. He didn't even need me to help him, he quickly put the

chain around his neck. As expected from a pretty boy, he's probably used to wearing jewelry.

And just as he had said, the green stone was hanging slightly under the collarbone. It was made differently from mine.

".... Huh? Is it a different TYPE than mine? What do you mean?"

"But judging by its length you can borrow it, right?"

"I guess so"

In that moment, my determination was shaken. It seems like I could hear the mazoku (demon) on my shoulder whispering : "it's fine, just borrow it tomorrow and return it" and giving up on being honest.

And right then, I heard a dispute down the hall. Were we to blame for that? Some approaching footsteps could be heard trotting to us from a distance.

It was the sound of military boot heels hitting the stone floor. The sound of those footsteps belonged to Lord Weller.

They sounded like he was in a big hurry. And well, obviously he would, because if the the younger brother was showing his chest in public, the older brother would certainly be very concerned.

"Ah! Please wait a moment, you two over there"

"Wait? Which one should wait Conrad? The person lending or the one borrowing?"

Lord Weller faked a cough, and tried to adjust his breathing to a normal rate. It wasn't as if he was breathless, but from where I could see, he ran quite a bit of a distance.

"Both of you. In regards to that necklace, I'm going to ask that the borrowing doesn't take place. Otherwise my mission would have failed."

"Mission? What mission?"

He winked one eye mischievously. His body language explained it was a secret.

"It was a secret order of the princess"

"Conrad! It doesn't matter if it was a request from Greta"

Wolfram opposed him, a little bit out of habit.

These two brothers are always like this. The second and third son seem to have developed a pretty good BALANCE.

The younger brother lashes at whatever the older one says, then the older one says something slightly soothing and youngest calms down. In other words, this relationship is at the very top of getting along well.

"If the king is asking, it is obvious that you must reply!"

"Of course. But his majesty has not instructed me to do so"

Even if he says that, doesn't that mean I have to play the part of the big time BOSS? Even if I'm just essentially a small person.

Conrad, anticipating something like this, provided us with a loophole.

"However, if you were to say that you are concerned as her adoptive parents, I couldn't refuse to reveal the princess's humble request"

And the loophole was kindly made very obvious. Using the phrase that he himself had used, I asked the question.

"Uh.... as a parent, I'm concerned. I'd like to know what Greta is thinking."

"Then, I'll tell you"

After looking for it for a moment, Conrad took out a small bag from the inside of his jacket, before us. It was a well-thumbed bag, made out of leather.

"The truth is that the item that his majesty is looking for is here..."

"Ah"

"What do you mean 'Ah'!?"

Out of the bag, came rolling out Greta's present that was on top of the fireplace a few hours ago, and landed on his palm.

The stone attached to the silver chain, wasn't as bright as an augite, but when the sunlight coming from the window hit it, the green color shone.

"Why do you have it!?"

"Greta asked me to fix the length of the chain"

He simply asked " May I?" putting the chain he had in his hand on me. Without waiting for a reply, his arm went behind my neck.

"Because it's his majesty, it seems.... to be a little... tight. Ah, over here maybe?"

As he made it look so easy, I hung my head in shame, and without even moving he was quickly done.

"It was supposed to be your size, but when you tried it it was a little too tight, so she wanted to fix it without you noticing. So I took it with me to the silversmith, and after fixing it I was going to put it back and that's when I"

As he fastened the chain with a soft 'click', I could feel the temperature of the metal which was lower than that of the fingers at the same time.

If I were in his shoes, I'd have been too quick and ended up getting it stuck in the other person's hair. But him, used to giving women such gifts, moved really SMOOTHLY.

He stepped back and stared at me intently. Then he gave himself a nod of approval.

"Yeah, it's fine"

"What is?"

"Everything"

Even if he didn't make it himself, he stroked his chin with a smug look. Then he turned to Wolfram, and muttered a comparison of our stones.

"The length, the color and the position of the stone, all match each of you perfectly. It suits all three of you."

"Three? Did you say three ?"

"I did"

I really did not anticipate that answer. Making a face someone who got hit without any warning would make, I squatted in perplexion. My eyebrows probably made the shape of the needles in an analog watch at 8:20^[11].

"You knew about it~"

Having no clue as to what I was talking about, Conrad looked at Wolfram looking for answers.

"It seems he thought it was only something he and Greta had"

"Ah, you didn't think it was a family-set, but a PAPA-daughter pair?"

"If you want to laugh at me, just laugh...."

That doesn't mean I'm unhappy about a three-person family necklace for myself, Greta, and Wolfram. You don't hear much about it in Japan, but it's a heartwarming thing to do in the West.

A long time ago, dad saw a documentary about foreign countries, and in it everyone in a STEP FAMILY was wearing matching medals. There was a little girl who was still in elementary school and while she and her PAPA were talking they both looked at the camera and showed their medals.

And I am now thinking about that. It's not bad for a family of three to wear matching items. No, that's wrong. Because I'm shy I'm using the words "it's not bad", but in all honesty, this is something that makes my chest feel warm inside.

But it's different from the exhilarating feeling I got when I thought that Greta had only given it to me. I can't explain it well, but the feeling is a few millimeters off from the one I felt before. I'm sure that a popular guy wouldn't be able to understand such pathetic emotions, even if the world was coming to an end.

"But you know..."

Still squatting and while looking at my toes, I softly touched the chain that I had recently put on. And I broke into a smile. After imagining how that kid felt while making these, it's natural that I would smile.

"I understand why Greta made them, so that they would match us. Just a while back, when the sun shone on this stone, the color was close to Wolfram's eye-color."

I lifted my chin and realized, that was the deep green color I had seen.

"Is that so?"

Touching the stone that I was looking at, I stared at it in awe. When light hit them in an angle, both stones shone beautifully.

"I'm sure, she used a stone of a color similar to your eyes, as a way to unify the family."

"It would be nice if they were EMERALDs, right?"

"No way. It's too soon for a child to have such large EMERALD"

"What's EMERALD? Is it a gu(y)..."

Before he could finish saying his one-phrase, something started glowing in the distance down the hall. It shone in a different way than a gem or the surface of a lake. A bald head.... Dacascos, who shaves every month and was sun-tanned, with a face and head of the same color, was running quickly towards us, shouting something.

"Esteemed people, esteemed ones!"

"You sure are balting^[12], what is it Dakky-chan?"

"Heeeee, heeeee, uhm^[13], you see... his Excellency is"

"Which Excellency? The one with hay fever or the one that likes cats?"

"The Excellency with the kittens. Uh.. Excellency Gwendal is waiting for both of you. He's waiting in his majesty's office."

His head was covered in droplets, because of the speed at which he ran, he was sweating from his head. With no hair to stop the sweat I was impressed by the amount he sweated. I was so focused on this point, that I almost forgot the important matter he came to inform.

"He heard something about an important thing being lost, uhm, and there's a problem with the way it was handled, and he's pretty angry."

"What? Why is Gwendal angry?"

When I asked this, Dacascos face got white. Without his hair, one could see how the skin of his head changed in such a manner, and once again, I was impressed by this odd point..... But I don't have time for something like that now.

"It's just that his majesty is the king of Shin Makoku, and if a gift that was presented completely disappeared, it could become a diplomatic problem, and

his Excellency Gwendal was left out of this matter..."

"Huh? Presented? Completely disappeared? " Diplomatic problem? How much has this been exaggerated!?"

Or rather, I was caught.

"At any rate, please return quickly to the office, please return quickly! If you don't, and you let him wait for a long time, his Kitty-chan Excellency will angrily come looking for you skipping steps on the stairs..... ah!"

Dacascos who felt a bad omen, and said in a pitiful voice: "He's coming to look for you himself".

He's coming.

This was just like a nightmare in which a cute little girl with her head tilted to one side, with a mischievous smile said " He's coming" adding "tee-hee" at the end while looking at a spirit; but instead of a spirit, it was the shape of the older brother who seemed to be about 2 meters tall, with his hair like a brush, approaching steadily as he said " He's coming". It was just like a nightmare.

Even if he had a ponytail.

I was horrified as I imagined the words " He's coming" echoing from the center of the Earth itself. He's angry, Gwendal is angry again.

But, Lord von Bielefeld, guessing the fear of his partner, put one step forward, and pushed me behind him. His face showed that he had made up his mind.

"All right, I understand. Just leave the rest up to me and run Yuuri."

"Eh?"

"I'll receive my older brother's anger"

"Eh, are you sure? It might be an endless preaching hell."

"It might be bad, but it can't be helped. If you were caught by my older brother now, Greta would blame herself. If I'm thinking about what's best for the family, I'll accept the loud reprimand, even if I have to endure it without falling asleep."

What kind of a big shot are you that you can fall asleep in front of Lord von Voltaire!?

He might be a genuine hero. If not, then this is an innate strength of the youngest brother.

Wolfram, just like a brave hero who speaks reassuring words before his fight with the LAST BOSS, let a handsome smile show and said:

"Don't worry! It is a husband's job to lick their henachoko wife's ass!"

"Wait isn't it, maybe, "It is a wife's job to wipe her husband's ass" ? Yeah, maybe. No, I mean, I'm sure."

"Eh? You're letting him call you henachoko? How generous. Well, then let us rely on Lord von Bielefeld's words"

Saying so, quickly, Conrad grabbed me by the shoulders and we began running away. As we were heading towards the north-center of the castle, we could hear "Conrad, why are you running, too?" but he didn't pay attention.

"Since I still don't have a family of my own to protect, it is still not my time to take Gwen's anger"

"I couldn't do it, even if I was picturing Greta's face. It seems I still need a lot of practice."

After running downstairs, and reaching the hall that faces the center of the gardens, we slowed down our pace. Lord von Voltaire, even with his strong sense of responsibility, wouldn't chase after us all the way here.

" But as expected"

The short-DASH did a number on me, and because of my shortness of breath, I stopped every other word.

"Even though, an unpopular, guy like, me, became a father, I'm still, so stupid"

"Why do you say that?"

"It's nothing. There's no point mentioning it, it's really something that happened for a fraction of a second"

Even if it's something that lasted for only a second, in a very long lifetime, becoming special to a girl was awesome. Of course, it was different from the romantic feelings you could get from someone your own age. But there isn't a

happier feeling than being the only special person to your daughter, during the short period of childhood, before some stranger no one knows, comes and steals those feelings away.

And that's why I, forgot she has two fathers, and felt like I was soaring high as a beloved dad. I thought I was the only one in this world, that she was saying " I want to be daddy's bride when I grow up", but I was wrong.

However, if I think about it, for our adopted daughter Greta, Wolfram is also one of her precious fathers.

"But what will my pure feelings do to me?"

Conrad, who has had more experiences than the stars you can could in the sky, replied to my out-bursting without changing the tone of his voice.

"If you have too many left, give them to me"

"No, I want them back"

Then, with the finger he was using to point towards the exit to the gardens, he touched the green stone on top of my clothes.

"The length of Wolfram's CHAIN is different, right?"

"Ah, yeah, that's right. I was wondering about that"

"I think it was made deliberately short. Look"

With the two fingers, the index and middle ones, he pointed slightly below, to the area where the heart is.

As he touched it on top of the clothes, I felt the other stone becoming slightly warmer.

"Even if you were wearing both of them, they wouldn't overlap. That's why it became too short. And that's why she didn't give both of you the same one. This one is your design"

"Greta was, thinking about that?"

"She worries in her own way"

I'm too shy to hear about something like this. Since he's a sentimental human, he obviously knew that my eyes would turn red, and yet he told me the inside

story without any hesitation. He is that type of troublesome man.

That's why I had to quickly walk away. Away from the sunlight in the hall to a place with shade, so that my face couldn't be seen, with my head down.

"If you tell me something like that, of course I'm going to cry!"

"There is no parent who doesn't cry when they see their child growing up, Yuuri"

I tried changing the topic to something else; I had to laugh about something even if it was at my own expense.

"Even so, I'm happy you brought it back. I really thought I wouldn't be able to get it back. When Cherie-sama came with CELEBRITY-style suggestions, I sort of, I was about to give up and get a new one. My will was shaken."

"A new, beautiful, expensive stone?"

"Right, commoners are weak when they are tempted with luxury. But in the end, there was only one that was important, so I went back to look for it"

"But, you know this right?"

I had gone several steps down the stone stairs to the garden, when I stopped and turned around to look at him. He was only one step behind me, but considering the step, Conrad was slightly higher.

When I raised my chin and looked up, the chain holding the stone, made a refreshing clinging sound.

"I'm sure that you know this"

Yeah, I probably do. Or actually, everyone knows this in the bottom of their hearts.

Things will always return to the place they should be.

"I'm sorry, my hands are not helping much though"

You can even see the generation gap in the phrase. I thought it stuck out too much. My mother used to say "Don't neglect your hands, Yuu-chan". But young children never used the word 'neglect', it felt like something old people would say.

After staying in the same position for a long time, I stretched my back and the muscles in my body started making a sound. Of course I was worried about it, but in the case of having several large excellent muscles, it is normal to think that a large amount of lactic acid would accumulate.

However, in this case, I was exposed to the cold February wind, with my lower body in cold water, looking for something in the riverbed; a movement that had nothing to do with baseball.

I held my waist with both hands, and bent back until my back hurt looking at the sky. I involuntarily let out a groan.

"If you don't feel like doing this, it's fine. Just get out. It's stupid to catch a cold for another person"

"I won't necessarily catch a cold"

"Of course you will. You're in the river in February. I can only think that you're crazy."

"Then maybe you'll catch a cold, S girl"

"But I'm looking for something that's mine"

The S high school girl lifted her upper body, and got her hands out of the water. Her arms, from the elbow to the tip of her fingers, were awfully red. It was probably the same from the knees down. And surely the same applied to me. But she wouldn't give up and she stuck her arms one more time into the biting cold water. I stood in the middle of the river, looking at the back of her uniform.

"I'm sorry, but I can't lend it to you"

"What are you talking about?"

Muttering her words slowly, she raised her face to reply. I had no idea what she meant. What would a person, she doesn't know and has never seen, borrow from her? She didn't sound like a high school girl from this time and age.

"What I'm talking about? Well obviously it's not about a NECKLACE! It's about the ring! I'm talking about the ring!"

The ring she threw into the river once her relationship ended, that we are both looking for now?

"Even if you offer me a more expensive gem, I'm sorry, but no matter what, I won't be able to trade my ring, my treasure, for it."

"Huh? What are you talking about? I have no clue!"

I don't have enough money to buy an emerald or a similar SILVER RING or anything like that to make up for it. But the fact that I couldn't help her, had nothing to do with those things.

Just like Greta who had made a necklace thinking about me, her ex-boyfriend put a lot of thought into picking the ring, one that would suit her nicely and gave it to her. There's nothing that can replace it. She might look all over the world for it.

"But it will come back to you for sure. An old lady, acquaintance of mine who is really really old, and has lived for a long time, said this. Things return to the place where they should be. Even if they get stolen, lost, or they disappear, at some point, they will surely return to the place they should be. So keep trying hard to find that ring, S girl"

"So, about that"

With her arms still in the river, she turned to me to say:

"Does that mean that sometimes things don't come back."

"Ehh!?"

"If that ring was not meant to be with me, then it wouldn't come back, right?"

"Well, yeah.... maybe it can also be understood like that"

After hearing my reply she slowly stretched her body. Thirty seconds went by without her moving. She just looked at the river, and finally looking down like long grass during late fall, she slowly walked to the shore.

"Hey! Heyyy! What are you doing now?"

"That's enough"

"Enough you say? You're giving up looking for it? Why? Are you a quitter? That's too easy"

I grabbed her by the shoulders. Her blue jacket had increasingly become darker with the water.

"You still like him, right? Your ex? And even so, you're giving up? Your ring and your boyfriend?"

"It's just it's not my place to be with them anymore"

She shook off my arm and stepped on the shore. As expected her skin was red from knees to toes. Her bare feet pressed against the round riverbed rocks and into the dry grass.

"It's just that that ring, and that man, they're not in my hands anymore"

"What do you mean...?"

"He has one"

With her right shoe in her right hand, and the left shoe in her left hand, she went back to the guardrail and we sat there. The concrete, that had become warmer with the afternoon sunlight, warmed our super cold feet softly.

"He already has a girlfriend"

"Are you serious!?"

By the side of this sad, depressed girl, I was counting with my fingers. They've only broke up a few months ago, right? And he already has a new girlfriend? How popular was this ex boyfriend of hers? But I couldn't be bursting out my surprise, I had to lend an ear to the complains of a heart-broken girl.

"I met him the day before yesterday, and he had his girlfriend with him. She was pretty young, but she wasn't as cute as me. However, if you looked at them

from a distance, they looked like they were having fun, and from a closer look, they seemed to be very happy"

"I see...."

"That's why, he and the ring that he gave me, their right place is not with me anymore"

Don't cry, if you cry you'll mess up your makeup and look like a raccoon. But I was the only one wondering about this, because she didn't cry and she didn't even bite her lips to hold back the tears.

And that's when she changed the attitude she had had till this point and said politely.

"Thank you, for keeping me company"

In a time like this, I can see that I don't have enough experience in life. How do you comfort a heart broken girl? In my cumulative experience in these past 16 years, I couldn't come up with a good idea. If it was me, buying a really expensive ticket to see the Lions, and watching the "BEST games" on DVD would make me feel better. And if it was a guy who wasn't me, then they would feel much better after getting stuffed with delicious foods in the company of friends. But when it comes to a girl, I have no clue. Would she like cake? Or donuts? The so-called SUI, SWE-, SWEETS^[14]? Furthermore, if this eating ritual isn't done with friends of her same gender, maybe it doesn't work? I don't even know something so basic.

If she was a younger lady, maybe Wolf and I would be able to get her back in a good mood, but....

"Hey, you know?"

I couldn't stand the silence, so I opened my mouth. I was going to say " For now let's find a vending machine or a convenience store". I felt like I was going to lose POINTS, just by saying this, but in a February evening, a hot drink would be able to warm the heart. I couldn't think of anything better.

"Ah, there you are~ there you are~"

I could only say the "ven" of vending machine, when I saw that from the wider

part of the river downstream, an old man was walking towards us.

He was wearing a VEST, with lots of pockets, and worn-out baseball cap whose original colors were unidentifiable. No matter the angle he looked like a fisherman. In other words a FISHERMAN who wore a FARM CAP.

He had an angular chin resembling a HOME BASE, and a short beard streaked with gray . He came to the GUARDRAIL where we were sitting, his boots making a loud sound.

"You're the NIICHANS that were messing in the river, nee? What were you doing upstream? That's why for a while, the fish didn't come~"

Contrary to his complains, behind his glasses, his eyes were narrowing kindly. He was smiling.

"If you're messing upstream the fish will get scared and escape. Even the fish that usually come, will bang! suddenly stop coming. So, wait wait..."

"Although I thought it was two ONIICHANS, it's ONIICHAN and ONEECHAN. Furthermore, ONEECHAN's legs are drenched. If you want, come with me next to the fire. You can also dry your shoes and socks. And there's also fish I just got a little while ago."

The old man who had come a long way looking for us, had a BASE CAMP about 50 meters downstream. Even though I called it a BASE CAMP because it's in a fishing area, there was nothing there other than a bonfire made of burning driftwood. There were also fish. Fish everywhere. The bonfire that was used instead of a grill, had skewer fish standing next to it. At that time, I thought of some really good puns, but since it was only going to get colder from then on, I decided not to bother anyone.

At any rate, it was really warm next to the fire. My hands and feet dried up quickly, and my wet jeans gradually became drier. Since the chair was an upside-down plastic beer box, my ass hurt a bit, but I couldn't complain.

Sitting opposite to me was the old man who quickly grabbed something to drink. His face was red, not only because it was being illuminated by the fire, but because of wasn't shy about drinking hard drinks.

I got one of the recommended Japanese fish that had been grilled. It was a

skewered fish of about 15cm, and it was delicious.

"Don't hold back. When it's cold, the most important thing is to eat."

When she was passed a fish on a stick, the S girl looked troubled. Has she never eaten marshmallows on fish on a stick near a CAMP FIRE before?

"It's fine to take a bite, just go ahead and take a bite"

"But do you eat the head?"

"When the fish is this small, it's okay to eat it. Ah, but be careful of the fins, they hurt and are bothersome."

When it's dried sardines or fish the size of a capelin, it's fine to eat the head too.

Despite of how feisty she was before, now she looked really scared and took a bite in the area of the belly. However, since that's where the internal organs are, it's bitter. Ah, you're used to eating it like that, huh, lady.

"Why are you smiling?"

"It's nothing. Starting to eat from the belly, I just thought that you reminded me of my dad"

So, after hearing that NIICHAN's father was a drinker, the old man got into a good mood, and gave me a cup too.

".... It's bitter[\[15\]](#)"

"Even if it's bitter, you have to eat. There might be good parts too. In a happy ending story, the ring might be inside the belly of the fish, returning to its owner."

"That's enough of that"

She stared blankly and then pointed her face to the lavender sky.

"I'm sure, that I'm not the person who will get it"

In the sky at end of the day in February, the small stars started to twinkle. Lured by them, we all looked at the winter stars. Look, that one's Orion, although if you show a woman a Subaru, they'll like it better[\[16\]](#). But actually, the

one who was talking about the name of the constellations, was the old man who was already pretty drunk.

"Maybe NIICHAN and you, only know the three constellations of summer, but in winter there are also another three constellations. Look, in a little bit you'll be able to see the three stars of Orion"

"Eeeeh?"

"Besides during the winter you can see a lot of stars, so you can even see the 6 points of it. By the way I've been meaning to say this for a while. ONECHAN, I can see your panties."

"Which constellation is Pan..."

We both raised our voices at the same time " YOU CAN SEE HER PANTIES!?"

I reflexively looked at the face next to me, and S girl closed her legs at the speed of light. I didn't see them.

"Wait, wait, why my panties?"

"I just happened to see them because you were sitting with your legs open, but if I said something it would be SEXUAL HARASSMENT, and you'd get angry, but if I didn't say anything you'd still be moody and then angry, sorry if I offended you "

The panicked S girl, stood up kicking the beer case, and pulled her skirt down to cover her thighs, she was so shaken she couldn't look at anyone in the eyes.

"These are just normal PANTSU that you can look at. I was in the volleyball club, so I'm used to playing games with just these on. Or rather they're not PANTSU, they're ANSUCO volleyball shorts. But, if grampa says something, something like that... Ah!"

At that moment, she gave 23 short steps back, something made her lose her balance, and she fell down, harshly on her butt.

"Ouch!!"

"Are you okay, S girl?"

"ONEECHAN, you didn't get hurt, did you?"

Waving her hand to indicate she was fine, she tried to stand up. She picked up

the item that she had tripped with, and it was the big, black bag. It looked pretty gross because it was drenched in water, but originally, it looked like an expensive leather bag for gentlemen.

"This is, really hard. It's not grampa's, right...?"

It was something that had been lying around on the shore, and right now it didn't belong to anyone. The girl poked it with her shoe first, and then fearfully opened the magnetic fastener.....

"Hello, Murata? It's me, it's me! No, it's not the "It's me, it's me " phone scam...! What? You can't recognize my voice. Are your ears working? Huh? That this is a number you don't know? Since I don't have a cell phone, obviously I borrowed one! I borrowed it! Borrowed it! Hm? The friend I always borrow it from.... ? No, it's not! It's from someone I met today. Or rather, you keep track of the cell numbers of my school friends? Yeah, what, what, whaaat? No, it's something more important than that. What? You're saying it's noisy? Yeah, it is."

Right now, it's 6:45 PM. Considering that only the street light from the bridge is on, it should be pretty dark, but thanks to the red and white blinking lights it's as bright as midday.

After surviving the past five hours, I was leaning against the GUARDRAIL with a PINK cell phone to my ear. It is terribly noisy around me, and I had to cover my right ear. Trying to hear Murata's voice was very difficult.

" It's the sirens, yeah, that's right, that's right. Another police car just arrived. No, it' s not that! NO, IT'S NOT THAT!!! They didn't call the police on me. We were the ones who called them. I'm telling you it has nothing to do with sexual harassment. No, I didn't call 110 because of a street fight. Yeah, the S girl was the one who called. The S girl. Yeah, yeah, the owner of this phone. Who she is? I'd rather you turn on the TV."

I heard the TV in the background, and Murata stopped talking.

"Murata, Murata-kun? Are you there? Ah, you are, ah, the remote. I see. Yeah,

the 6 o'clock News. Any channel is fine.... Huh? Shizuoka Oden? No skip it, go to the next channel"

What's this about the river shore? I found the one that's broadcasting live. From what I can see there's a high school girl and a drunk old fisher man, who are side by side talking into the microphone.

"Yeah, the girl in school uniform during winter break is her, that's S girl. S girl and the grampa. What? You can't see her face? Her voice is strange? What, like when they're covering their voices? Ah, a HELIUM VOICE? Well, since she's a high school girl the TV station is concerned and covers her identity. So that's us. We've probably discovered something terrible! No, not me. It was S girl who found it. Even though she was looking for the silver ring she had tossed from the bridge, what she found was.. What? A corpse!? No! You are wrong! Cut it out, don't say such unlucky things."

When she opened the bag, the air changed in a completely different way. Before it was opened, we were unsure of what ill-omened thing might be in there, but when the flames reflected on the golden content, all three of us gasped, perplexed at its beauty.

"As a matter of fact, there was about 10 kilograms of golden bars that had been left on the river shore! Bang! Awesome, right? It's probably worth tens of millions of yens. Ah, but I don't care if I don't get any of it, it's not really relevant. That's why the TV station doesn't care about me. But actually Murata, about that, that bet. The bet. Me getting that portable console if I didn't get to see panties in 24 hours. About that... what? If I was successful? Don't ask me that so lightly! Because a series of ACCIDENTS happened here."

Because of that information, I was pretty confident in what Murata was going to guess. On the other side of the phone, Murata Ken, said: You got that girl to show you her panties, right? What a convenient thing you said.

"No, I'm sorry. But the target wasn't S girl. I can guess what you're thinking right now. About that, you're probably thinking that I asked S girl to show me her panties. What, you don't? Ah right. Yeah, Yeah, that's right, I didn't ask her. Or rather, I don't get along well enough to ask something like that. Then, you might think that I accidentally saw them while she was looking for the ring in the

river....What, you don't? Ah, right, yeah, well, yeah, that's right, that's right. Yeah, I was too busy looking for the ring too, yeah and I didn't think about it. Yeah, it's just as you said."

I felt like he knew everything I had done. I know I'm a man whose actions are easy to predict, but it's a little disappointing that he could guess my moves so easily.

"Well then Murata, then there's that. What about this? Do you think that when we were on the shore with the grampa and the bonfire, that S girl was sitting right in front of me, do you think I saw her panties then?....Ah, is that so? Do I really always look at people's faces when they talk? Look into their eyes? I never really noticed it. What? That you can see it? That you can see the grampa's whole body on TV?"

Apparently the whole body of the happy treasure discoverer was broadcasted on TV. And Murata who was eating alone in his warm living room; raised his voice in an instinctive exclamation.

Uwah~! This person has his trouser zipper completely opened!

"Yeah, that's, that's right! TV station!!! Don't only blur his face and alter his voice! You should also censored his crotch area! Ah, but if they censor his crotch area people will think about even worse things...."

In other words, the extremely happy grampa, that had discovered gold bars valued in tens of millions of yens, and was being interviewed, had his trousers zipper or the so called SOCIETY WINDOW (coined term), or rather his pants zippers completely opened.

Of course, the preferred underwear for old men, white trunks, could be seen perfectly. What S girl and I were seeing, was being exposed across the country in the dinner-time NEWS, being broadcasted into every living room in Japan.

"Erotic public underwear play, no I mean, public erotic underwear play? I'm sorry everyone having dinner right now! And so, that's what happened, Murata. Murata-kun?"

While holding the phone with my left hand, I covered my mouth with my right hand and spoke in a softer voice.

"And so that's why I wanted to talk to Murata-san. What will you do about this situation? Is the bet over or not? I mean, I did ask him to! But since he was a little drunk, and overly excited about the gold bars, maybe he didn't hear me. No, really I did say it. I said it loudly many times."

I said: "Grampa, you're showing your panties too much!"



Afterword[\[edit\]](#)

A summary of what happened in the first misepan.

A certain unpopular high school boy, received a bet like the one that Jack Bauer got from his friend Tony Almeida. The contents of the bet were like "Getting a picture of the Tutankhamun's treasure, from deep within the American Department of Defense within 24 hours for 100 million yens", something as unfeasible as that. The reward was a 3DS (the 100 million yens), which was hard to acquire and very sought after when it was released.

Because of the always confussing, incompetent vice-president the mission was called " Please, show me ☆ your PENTAGON" and Sutherland, the son, was going to do that challenge. But because Jack doesn't have a cell phone, he couldn't take a picture! His friend Almeida suggests that he should borrow a phone from a friend, and although he goes to the house of his friend Yoshida-kun, the previously good Yoshida-kun, with his love for the president and Ooka-san, was currently contemplating world domination plans with the members of Fukazume group, and influencing the citizens of Tokyo!

If you find any mistakes with the sentences above, please let this dumb author know. 1. The title will be "Mise ☆ pen" 2. Jack Bauer has a smart phone. 3. Yoshida-kun belonged to Hawk's Nail Group 4. The prize in the first part was a Nintendo DS LL.

I really can't apologize enough for this.... I honestly apologize to all of you for keeping you waiting. I'm really sorry for the inconveniences I caused to all the parties I kept waiting for this.

I tried to write a brief synopsis of the first part, but it ended up being too vague. Moreover I had not plan for the PUNCH LINE to be this one. Usually it should have ended with something beautiful, like the ring coming out of the belly of the fish!

But when I was about to finish, I wasn't satisfied with the result. However, it changed into this very vulgar HAPPY ENDING. If I could make the readers say "Takabayashi, you dummy", and raise their spirits, then I'm happy. And so, that's it! Let us meet again next time in the main novels.■

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9. [↑](#) The mascot of the giants. It's called Jabitto (Giant's rabbit), but the JA in jabitto had the kanji for evil instead of katakana.
<https://ja.wikipedia.org/wiki/%E3%82%B8%E3%83%A3%E3%83%93%E3%83>
10. [↑](#) It was explained in the short story "Cross-heart" that honey-chan (hachimitsu-chan), is a pet name for children in Shin Makoku. Cherie-sama called all her children that, at one point. Yuuri thought it was only Wolf because of his hair, and liked the name and wanted to use it with Wolf. However here we see that he's upset by it. I would equal it to a junior calling their seniors' names, adding "chan" at the end.
11. [↑](#) I'll save you some time: http://etc.usf.edu/clipart/34000/34094/nclock-08-20_34094_md.gif
12. [↑](#) A pun that also worked in English ! In Japanese Yuuri is saying wow you're running so fast, but he used the kanji for being bald.
13. [↑](#) And a pun that didn't work at all! Dacascos is panting he, he~ and then he says "sono" (uhm); and it sounds like belly button.
14. [↑](#) He's struggling with the word "sweets" in English. This is interesting, because he never struggles with English words.
15. [↑](#) There isn't any more information. Later on, there's a phrase that could be understood as Yuuri beng a little drunk, but it is not said so explicitly. It's not properly explained if Yuuri drank, but the words after it were "it's bitter" (what people not used to alcohol say after drinking for the first time). Yes, S girl is the one saying this, about the taste of the fish, but it's not a coincidence that Yuuri had just been given a cup of an alcoholic beverage at this point. Also, promoting the corruption of minors is a big no-no in Japan. Takabayashi-sensei probably can't say that Yuuri was having a drink while being a minor. Much like she can't say he's having sex and is married to Wolfram. Although the phrases the two of them used in this story are self-explanatory.
16. [↑](#) Pun: Orion the star and Orion the car. Also, the logo of Subarus are the Pleiades.